

Weekly Museum.

"WITH SWEETEST FLOWERS ENRICH'D, FROM VARIOUS GARDENS CULL'D WITH CARE."

VOL. XV—NO. 10.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, MARCH 5, 1803.

WHOLE NO. 749.

ROBERT THE BRAVE.

[CONTINUED.]

ROGER reflecting on all the dangers to which he might be exposed by the sight of her he loved, carefully avoided her presence; but soon he felt no small uneasiness lest his frequent absence should excite suspicion, and hoped to remove this by appearing to give himself up with extreme ardor to the pleasures of the chase. When in the woods, he would wander far from his attendants, preferring the most lonely places, where he might be at liberty to repeat the name of Elvize, though as often as his lips uttered it tears flowed from his eyes.

Yet there were times when the exercise in which he was engaged suspended the emotions of his grief, and these were when he exercised his strength and address in attacking the fiercest wild boars. One day, one of these animals, pursued by the dogs, took shelter in a thick wood which skirted the forest on the side of the gardens, where, covered with foam, and with eyes sparkling with rage, he made head against the dogs, tearing many of them with his tusks, and opposing to them a resistance which, numerous as they were, they could not overcome. Roger, hearing the noise, hastened to the spot, and prepared to attack the furious wild beast with the weapon he usually employed on such occasions. On a sudden the animal, disengaging himself from the dogs, rushed upon him; but Roger, with his usual courage and address, gave him a mortal blow with his pike, which extended him almost motionless at his feet. The impulse was so violent that the young count fell with him. At the same moment a loud shriek was heard. Roger was on his feet in an instant, at the sound of a voice which he could not mistake, and which appeared to proceed from a kind of thicket at the bottom of the gardens near that of the forest. Thither he flew with the utmost speed, and what was his surprise when he perceived Elvize deprived of sense! He clasped her in his arms, endeavored to revive her, and shuddered with despair at perceiving all his endeavors fruitless. He dared not leave her to seek for aid, and his cries, stifled by his alarm and agitation, could not be heard. The tears which fell from his eyes moistened the countenance of Elvize, and a feeble motion then announced that she would soon again view the light. She began to respire, opened her eyes, and, with eager gaze, surveyed the objects around her. "Ah!" exclaimed she, perceiving Roger who supported her, and whom she involuntarily pressed in her arms, "is it you? Are you not hurt? For Heaven's sake, satisfy me!"—At these words she became more calm, breathed more freely, her color began to return, and Roger no longer trembled for her life. But still alarmed at the accident of which he wished to learn the cause, he requested her, in the most pressing manner, to inform him what motive could bring her to the place where he found her. At this question Elvize felt the palpitations of her heart redoubled, a crimson blush overspread her cheeks, she hesitated for some moments, and then replied, that hearing the noise of the dogs while she was walking in the gardens, her desire to view the chase had brought her to that thicket, and that her fears had overpowered her

when she saw him fall after having struck the boar. "Oh heaven!" exclaimed he, with a look of tenderness which made its way to her heart, "can it be possible that the life of Roger is so dear to you?" Elvize cast down her eyes, her cheeks assumed a deeper crimson, her tongue could not utter a word. Roger, regaining his recollection, dared no longer either to question her or look upon her.—She at length summoned up strength sufficient to break this painful silence, and replied, with dignity—"Can the daughter of Robert ever forget the example of her father, and cease to love her masters?"—"Her masters!" repeated Robert with a sensible agitation: "In pity to me pronounce no more that word, which so fearfully pierces my heart! Is there any throne which you are not worthy to ascend? Oh! why have I not a sceptre to offer you?"

At this moment the attendant-huntsmen came up, and saw the wild boar expiring. Alarmed at finding the weapon with which he had been wounded, and not perceiving Roger, they called with loud cries. The young count heard them, and felt the necessity of answering them, and the still greater of preventing them from seeing Elvize. He replied to their call; and, casting a last look on the object of his affections, which was followed by a profound sigh, rushed out of the thicket, joined his attendants, and led them with all speed from the place.

When he was gone, Elvize collected her strength, and returned to the castle, silent and pensive, and unable to forget what she had seen and heard. That Roger loved her she could no longer doubt, and still less was it possible that she should not feel the happiness that could not be the consequence of such an assurance. For a moment the misfortunes which futurity was preparing disappeared from her view; but this seducing calm vanished like the lightning's flash. She heard the voice of the counts calling her, and she must forget the tender sentiments which occupy her heart, and go obsequiously to receive her orders. She hastens, receives them and prepares to fulfil them; while her reflections compel her to compare this humble servitude with the views which a moment before the amiable Roger had formed to raise her to a throne.

The young count, after having assured his attendants of his safety by his presence, again quitted them. He could not resist the desire he felt to be alone, and indulge in reflecting on all he had seen or heard. Not an action, not a word, escaped his remembrance. He views Elvize sinking beneath her fears, and sees her once more reviving and fixing on him her eyes expressive of tender alarm. He seems to hear her eager and faltering voice. He recollects his own agitation, his answers, his wishes. He reflects that he can no longer preserve his secret, and that the confession of his passion can only tend to destroy the repose of Elvize. This is a crime of which he severely accuses himself; and though his oppressed heart never felt in a more lively manner the necessity of having a friend to share its pains, he renews his resolution to conceal his sentiments with an impenetrable veil. But it is in vain that he condemns himself to silence—nothing escapes the eye of tender and true friendship.

Robert had for a long time observed the penive air and increasing melancholy of Roger, and had frequently pressed him to tell him its cause. The desire of sharing the pains of his friend had alone prompted him to make this enquiry, but he had never permitted himself to be too importunate or urgent.—Perceiving, however, that Robert appeared to become continually more solicitous to avoid him, he resolved to question him, not relative to the secret which he appeared so anxious to conceal, but on the cause of that seeming estrangement which had given so much alarm to his friendship.

One day, when he observed Roger, more absent and gloomy than usual, directing his steps towards the forest, he followed him, and soon overtaking him, without giving him time to recover from his surprise, threw himself at his feet.

"Am I, then, no longer your friend?" said he. "You incessantly fly me: you suffer grief, of which you will not permit me to partake. Conceal your secret; I respect it: but deign to console my trembling friendship."

At these words, Roger, unable to resist the emotions he felt, advanced towards Robert, raised him from the ground, and clasped him to his heart. "Ah, my friend!" exclaimed he, "how little you know the importance of the request you have made! But I cannot refuse you. You will shrink with alarm; but hear my fatal secret. I love; my father is inflexible; and my mother prizes only the splendor of birth."

"Can you then have made a choice which you cannot avow?"

"Oh, no! never did Heaven form a maid so perfect! But how great is my surprize!—You yourself compel me to name her! Are, then, the eyes of a brother blind or unjust?—Your sister—"

"My sister!" repeated Robert, with consternation; and his arms, which clasped Roger, relaxed their hold, his eyes declined to the ground, and he kept a mournful silence.

At this alteration in his manner, despair changed the features of Roger.—"Alas!" exclaimed he, "this is too much! my friend likewise abandons me!"

These words were pronounced in a tone so feeling, that Robert, alarmed and still more affected, again encircled him with his arms.

"What then can be your hope?" rejoined he: "What projects can you form?"

"My hope! my projects!—I could only love. My heart was a prey to all the ardor, to all the disorder of that powerful passion, before I thought of the obstacles that opposed my wishes. I now perceive them all: I despair of overcoming them; and I only wish to die. But you—oh, you who have explored my heart! who alone are acquainted with my fatal secret! watch attentively over all my actions; read all my thoughts; recollect that love may lead me astray; observe all my steps; moderate my transports; be my guide; but, especially, never cease to be my brother and my friend!"

As he uttered these words, he hid his face in the bosom of Roger; their arms were clasped; their tears mingled; and, animating each other with mutual interest, they renewed the

A moment of silence succeeded this delicious effusion of the heart: it was interrupted by a train of reflections which they communicated to each other. They repeated, with common consent, that this fatal secret must remain concealed from the knowledge of every one but themselves.

Roger promised carefully to observe in every respect the dictates of delicacy and prudence; but he did not make the vain vow to renounce the thoughts dearest to his heart, nor even to turn away his eyes, should any happy accident present Elvise to his view.

[To be continued]

ACCOUNT OF THE SIEGE OF GIBRALTAR.

GIBRALTAR, a town in the south of Spain, situated near what were formerly called the Pillars of Hercules, since the year 1704 possessed by the English, is so strongly fortified by nature and art, as to bid defiance to the utmost effort of human power. It is built at the foot of a barren rock, rising 1400 feet above the level of the sea. On the summit of the rock is a plain, whence the Mediterranean and the Atlantic appear in all their grandeur and sublimity.

Spain, having declared war upon G. Britain, and subdued the British possessions in West Florida, made an attack upon Gibraltar. July, 1779, the Spanish blockaded the town on the land side, and soon after invested it closely by sea, and endeavored to reduce the inhabitants by depriving them of the means of obtaining provisions. The attempt however proved abortive; and Spain, mortified at her repeated disappointments, determined upon more vigorous measures. After an ineffectual blockade, which continued nearly two years, the besiegers determined upon a bombardment. They mounted guns of the heaviest metal, and mortars of the largest dimensions, disgorging torrents of fire. Though nature and art had inscribed invincible upon the place; it seemed as if the rock itself must have given way to the omnipotence of Mars. Distinction of parts was lost in a general blaze. This dreadful cannonade continued almost incessantly for three weeks. It then slackened; but was not intermitted a day for more than a year. Considering the violence of this unexampled bombardment, the loss of men was less, than would have been expected. The works were but little injured; but many houses were destroyed, and the misery of the inhabitants was extreme.

Let us place ourselves spectators of this distressing scene. Behold the houses in flames. See the inhabitants, not buried in the ruins, nor torn in pieces by the destroying shells, flee, destruction following, to the remote parts of the rock in hope of safety! See mothers and children, clasped in each others arms, torn into atoms by the devouring cannon! See females of the most explicit sensibility, of the most delicate form, seek admittance, seek repose in the easements amid the noise of soldiery and the groans of the dying! The scene is too affecting for sensibility to bear.

The works are at length carried to the perfection intended. The best engineers of France and Spain have united their abilities, and both kingdoms are in expectation of success. But where are the English during these operations? Are they calm spectators of their own destruction? Where is General Elliot, commander of the garrison? After retreating upon the besiegers without effect, he retreated, and received with apparent serenity the fury of the attack. Here the man was completely lost in the General. Though the town was incessantly wrapped in flames; self-collected, unmoved the General stood, and viewed the awful scene. But, when to be inactive was no longer prudent; when all Europe stood afoot to see the fate of the garrison; Gen. Elliot, bold and undaunted, projected a sally, which was successfully executed, that in a short time the enemy's works, upon which, much time, skill and labor had been spent, were entirely removed. The Spanish were completely routed, their works destroyed, their magazines blown up, and every thing combustible was in flames.

ANTIQUITY OF THE GOUT.

ASA was the first man who ever had the gout, and the consequence of his manner of treating it is thus related in the first book of Kings. "Now Asa, the king, was diseased in his feet, but instead of applying to the Lord, he applied unto the physician, therefore the Lord slew him."

TO BE READ ARIGHT.

Once had . . . on both i set great store . . . and a . . . and took his word therefor . . . to my . . . and nought but words I got . . . of my . . . him I would not . . . and my . . .
FRIEND
once before . . . and a . . . no more . . . and my

For the New-York WEEKLY MUSEUM.

ADELIA.

WHETHER 'midst clouds I pass my time away,
Or seek content in some lone solitude,
In every place, throughout the lengthen'd day,
ADELIA's lovely form will still intrude.
Her smiling aspect, and enchanting eye,
Which strikes the fond beholder with surprise;
Alas! from her in vain I strive to fly,
Such rapturous hopes within my breast arise!
A form so beauteous, so divinely fair,
And blest with every captivating charm,
What heart would shun the sweet delusive snare,
Or fail to be with such attractions warm!

N.

For the New-York WEEKLY MUSEUM.

TO HARLEIGH.

OH! hear'ly Muse! but lend thy pow'ful aid,
To paint young HARLEIGH's glowing charms,
In brilliant colors of a lasting shade,
While Love directs, and Beauty warms

My heart,

Dear youth! what melting words can touch thy breast?
What sounds delight thy gen'rous ear?

What notes, what melody, will please thee best?

Is it a smile---a frown---or tear

From me?

Ah! what are pearls, what gold, what life to me!

All, all, are poor unmeaning things!

All void, if but one wounding frown from thee

Escape, that leaves ten thousand flings

Behind.

Oh! HARLEIGH! lend an ear to ev'ry sigh,

And let my verse not vainly flow;

I sip delicious rapture from thine eye,

And in thy presence feel the glow

Of love.

Disdain not then, O youth! these simple lays,

But lift with pleasure to her strain,

Whose willing hand with joy can sing thy praise,

Nor tune, O noble sir! in vain

The lyre.

MATILDA.

For the New-York WEEKLY MUSEUM.

ENIGMA.

LET heroes, so bold, boast the deeds they have done,
The posts they have taken, or battles have won,
You will surely aver it, and own it is true,
I have cut off more thousands than ever they flew.
I have cut off a hundred, perhaps, at one stroke,
And quickly dispatch when my rage they provoke.
Before they are fully prepar'd for the fight,
By a magical touch, they're strayed all in white.

QUINN.

VERSES ON A WITHERED LEAF, WHICH WAS BLOWN INTO THE AUTHOR'S BOSOM.

PALE wither'd wond'rer! seek not here

A refuge from the ruthless sky;

This breast affords no happier cheer

Than the rude blighting breeze you fly.

Cold is the atmosphere of grief,

When storms assail the barren breast;

Go, then, poor exile, seek relief

In bosoms where the heart has rest.

Or fall upon th' oblivious ground

Where silent sorrow buried lie;

There rest is surely to be found,

Or what, alas! to hope have I?

Where sepulchre'd in peace, repose,

In yonder field, the village dead,

Go seek a shelter among those

Who all their mortal tears have shed,

But if you come a Sybil's leaf,

Such as did erst high truths declare,

To tell me soon shall end my grief,

I blest the omen that you bear.

For sure you tell me that my woe

An end like your's at length shall have;

That wan like you and waled so,

I sink to the forgetful grave.

Then come, dear messenger of peace!

Come lodge within this barren breast,

And lie there till we both shall cease,

To seek in vain for nature's rest.

For the New-York WEEKLY MUSEUM.

CHARACTER OF GENERAL WASHINGTON.

GENERAL WASHINGTON was one of those exalted and dignified men who are occasionally sent into the world to adjust its difficulties, and excite its admiration. His flood above the common infirmities of human nature, and was so really and unaffectedly great, that he seemed not to know his own majesty. There was something in his countenance, which would conciliate, overawe and control, with irresistible authority. Neither a Raphael nor a Rubens could pourtray his likeness. Ordinary countenances exhibit some leading trait, some individual ruling passion; but he exhibited an assemblage of all excellencies, of all virtue, and all dignity. It was like the great outlines of nature, which lie beyond the reach of human art, and which none but God can imitate or mend. To an erect, commanding, and engaging form, he united a mind sublime, heroic and invincible. The waves which beat down the millions of mankind, dashed against his feet, and died... When he affered from the native sentiments of his own heart, and the ordinary dictates of his own understanding, he accomplished every thing with such ease, and with a dignity so far superior to that of his contemporaries, that those who beheld him were overawed, and retired to contemplate his greatness. Virtuous from principle, he felt and acknowledged his dependence on God; and, with an exemplary piety attended the institutions of religion. Amidst his exalted virtues, his modesty shone conspicuous, and shed such a lustre over his deportment, that he bore off in his train, the love and fear, the gratitude and wonder of all. His country lavished all her honors upon him, and yet tho' herself deficient. Immortal man! ---God only can reward thee! Thy laurels reach above Heaven, and spread through eternity! ---To his country he never made but one request: He asked to be buried without parade or funeral eulogy. Six millions of people wept! Praise unutterable! ---The mighty WASHINGTON, though a hero inured to toil, to disaster, and to victory, possessed the lively sensibility; and when the multitude pressed to behold him, he burst into tears. No vice tarnished his character; and Envy herself, beholding his exalted career, dropped her shafts, and was silent. The prudent moderation of Fabius ---the impenetrable integrity of Artilides, and the resolute valor of Alexander, wrought a dazzling glory into his character. He lived a Christian, a hero, and philosopher, with a dignity peculiar to himself. He went out of the world as he had lived in it,---full of virtue, full of honor, with out fear, and without remorse.

February 20, 1803.

EXTRAORDINARY RELIC.

A monastery dedicated to St. Benedict, in France, has for time immemorial been supposed to possess the precious relic the head of JOHN THE BAPTIST. Some forty years ago, a monastery, dedicated to St. Francis, overthrew their claim, by declaring that in their dormitory they had discovered the genuine CAPUT: and one of the friars, to remove every objection of its being the real Baptist's head, in the most solemn manner asserted, that when, in an holy fervor, he frequently kissed the lips, he found they still retained the flavor of locusts and wild honey! So strong a proof there was no notwithstanding; the claim of St. Francis was admitted, and established by the co-clave.

ANECDOTES.

SOME years ago a fellow was sentenced in Denbighshire to be cropt for perjury. When the executioner came to fulfil the sentence of the law, he found that the prisoner had undergone that punishment already, which threw the hangman into a passion---"What the deuce," said the convict coolly, "am I obliged to furnish you with ears, every time I am sentenced to be cropt?"

WHEN the great Duke of Argyle was one night at the Theatre, in a side box, a person entered the same box, in boots and spurs. The Duke arose from his seat, and with great ceremony, expressed his thanks to the stranger, who somewhat confused, desired to know for what reason they were thus bestowed. The Duke gravely replied---"I am not bringing your horse into the box."

RECEIPT TO MAKE MEN HAPPY.

WE search after three things, honor, riches, and reputation. He who lives retired from the world gains honor; he who is contented with what he has is rich; he who despiseth the world, and does not occupy himself with it, will find reputation.

TO ARITHMATICUS.

YOUR Question, when rightly expounded, I ween, Makes the age of the Lady exactly fourteen.

MUMBO JUMBO.

NEW-YORK:
SATURDAY, March 5, 1803.

A bill called the house of Representatives of this State
19th ult. for dividing the city of New-York into NINE
ARRDS, after the first Tuesday in October next.

A gentleman who came passenger in one of the New-
York, with seven packers who left there last Saturday morning about
o'clock, informs us that the brig *Harriet*, Capt. *Wheaton*,
Rubens, belonging to *Forbes, Henry, and Co.* of that place, with
a cargo of live flock and hay on deck, bound to the West-
Indies, while riding at anchor about two miles below the
town, took fire and burnt to the surface of the water. We
understand that 500 dollars only was insured upon her.

By the ship *Jesse, Boag*, in 34 days from Greenock, we
have received London papers to the 15th Jan. inclusive.
The first Consul advances directly forward to the objects
in heart, and appears to be surrounded by party
ambition, and strong enough to support him in all his schemes, however
dignified or extravagant. He seems intent on obtaining the title
of *EMPEROR OF THE GAULS*.... Holland, it is said, has
seriously in view to send a deputation to offer him the
acknowledgment of the supreme power of that country, under the title of President
emperor Consul. A violent gale in the Channel the beginning
of January, has occasioned great damage; the Hindostan
and the Indiaman, a ship of 1248 tons burthen, was totally
lost. It is said she had on board bullion to the amount of
5,000 ounces; most of the crew were saved by boats.
The Active, West Indiaman, was lost at the same time....
The privilege of cutting logwood at Honduras, formerly
granted by Spain to England, and which has served as a
standing subject of contention almost ever since, is once
more brought forward. The English talk with spirit, and
there is occasion they will doubtless act with spirit.
(E. P.)

Accounts from the Hague state that the most active exer-
cises are making to complete the expedition to Louisiana,
and a number of additional transports have been enga-
ged. Gen. *Cesar Berthier* is appointed chief of the staff on
the expedition.

Madame *Le Clerc*, and the body of her husband, have
arrived in France. The First Consul put on mourning,
which he was to wear ten days. He received compliments
and condolence from all the constituted authorities and for-
eign Ambassadors.

The Royal Humane Society of England, (of which the
King is patron) for the recovery of persons apparently dead
by drowning, suffocation, and other sudden accidents, was
established in that kingdom in the year 1774; and since
that period, has been the providential means of restoring no
less than 2679 persons, who otherwise would, in all human
probability, have suffered a premature interment.

The Members of the House of Bourbon are scattered over
Europe.... Louis XVIII, continues at Warsaw; his son
is at Wildungen; the Count D'Artois, with his younger
son, the Duc de Berry, is in Scotland; his eldest son,
the Duc D'Angouleme, and the Princess, the daughter of
the murdered Louis, are with their uncle at Warsaw, while
the Lady of the Count D'Artois resides at Klagenfuth. The
three brothers of the Orleans Family are in England; their
brother and sister in Spain; the Prince and Princess de
Bourbon, with the Duc de Bourbou, are in the vicinage of
London; the second son is at Ettenheim, with the Cardinal
Rohan, and their unmarried daughter is in a convent
in Switzerland; the Prince de Conti is at Barcelona, while
his wife has her abode in the Helvetic Republic.

MIRACULOUS ESCAPE.

A laborer lately slipped from the roof of a house in Ross
Lane, Dublin; but fortunately seized hold of the eaves or
edge of the roof, and remained suspended in that perilous
position, four stories from the pavement, until relieved.
(London Paper, Dec. 3.)

Last week, as a large party was making merry at a
gathering, in the neighborhood of Kitley, the beams of
the floor gave way, and the whole of the assemblage were
precipitated into the room below, except the founder of the
party, who happened to be standing at the time close to the
wall. His astonishment was so great at seeing his visitors
separated in such an unusual manner, and nearly drowned by
the punch which had been placed on a table. The infant
in the nurse, a few minutes before, was in the room underneath,
but had just left it. Fortunately the whole party
remained unharmed. (London paper, Dec. 8.)

Extract of a letter from New-Haven, dated February 6.

"This morning, at half past 2 o'clock, the new and
large Brewery, belonging to the Messrs. Bakewell, in this
city, was discovered to be on fire---and in one hour the
building and appurtenances were all consumed, except a
few casks---By great exertions, the vault was rescued from
the flames, containing considerable property in liquors and
casks. Mr. Bakewell also saved his books and papers ---
his house, which stood at 5 or 6 rods distance, was also
consumed; but with the loss of some furniture, in removal.
The loss may amount to fifteen or twenty thousand dollars.
The building was, to a certain amount, injured; but the
flock, in which were about 5000 bushels of malt is all
lost."

Extract of a letter from Cape-Francois, dated 9th ult. re- ceived at Baltimore.

"I am sorry to inform you that we are again besieged
by the brigands and all of us obliged to fly to arms to de-
fend the place.... for my part, have been out for these
three days past in the mountains, pursuing and searching to
dispatch them; which excursion has fatigued me so much,
that I am not able to write you a full account of affairs at
this time, but will by the next. Every thing is again dead.
---Nothing doing but defending ourselves against the blacks
---but the town is considered safe, provided the ports are
guarded, which at this time are well situated---these attacks
stop our trade.... There lately arrived a few troops and
many more are hourly expected. The brigands attacked a
fort near the town on the morning of the 5th inst. but
were repulsed with some loss. After finding themselves
beaten off, they set fire to some houses---the drum beat to
arms, which now assembled the inhabitants and armed
their progs; since which they retired farther into the
mountains, and are often seen from seaports amongst the
rocks. Coffee is from 24 to 25 lbs; sugar not to be had; and
all other articles of exportation from this are high; and generally
the produce of America low---money scarce."

DREADFUL EVENT.

Letters from Genoa of the 15th December, mention the
sudden demolition of more than two third parts of the vil-
lage of Vellugardia near Oneglia, by a convolution of the
earth which took place in the following manner:---The
village was composed of about 80 dwellings and
400 inhabitants. It stood on the slope of a hill in high
cultivation, and abounding in copious springs of fresh water.
On the evening of the 22nd November last, two apertures
were found to have been convulsively made in the
ground near the village church. It rained all that night.
At day break on the 23rd, an enormous mass burst down
from the summit of the hill, brought before it all the for-
face earth. The roof of the church was the first thing de-
molished; then 57 of the houses met, one after another the
same overthrow. This passed in the course of the 23d
and so slowly, that the unfortunate villagers, could view
with leisure, the progress of their disaster.---In the night
of the 23d, the ruins were removed to the distance of 800
paces from their former situation.

On the morning of the 24th, the remaining houses were
seen standing within a precipitous accumulation of earth,
which, extending entirely round them, presented every
where perpendicular front, and rose to the elevation of
50 fathoms. Vineyards, gardens, olive-trees, were all
crushed and carried in one mass into the next river. The
channel of the river was filled up, and the stream above
converted into a lake. An opposite rock, on the territory
of Bettagno, at last arrested the motion of the mass. A
slope, one of the best cultivated in Italy, remains now but
a bare rock. On a tract of land four miles long, and one
broad, there now remains nothing to strike the eye but ruined
houses, deracinated trees, and stagnating water. The
poor people of the village have no present shelter but that
of a few cottages, which are standing; and from which
they can view only their ruined property, and desolated
fields.

NEW-YORK THEATRE.

On Monday evening, will be presented, 3d time, a Tragedy,
in 5 acts, by M. G. Lewis, Esq. called

Alfonso,

KING OF CASTILE.

To which will be added a Farce, 2d time, called

Retaliation.

For sale at this Office, No. 3 Peck-Slip.

TICKETS IN LOTTERY, No. 1, FOR THE EN-
COURAGEMENT OF LITERATURE.

• Tickets Registered and Examined as usual.



COURT OF HYMEN.

"TIS HYMEN lights the torch of love,
And beams benignant as the sun;
The daw, the rook, and gentle dove,
Are ne'er content till two are one."

MARRIED.

On Thursday last week, by the Rev. Mr. Griffin, the
Rev. Mr. THOMPSON, of Connecticut Farms, to Miss HATTY
BEACH, daughter of Major Beach, of Newark.

On Wednesday last, at 2^o o'clock, by the Rev. Dr.
Beach, Mr. ALEXANDER BRECKER, to Miss FRANCES
WADE, all of this city.

On Thursday evening last by the Rev. Mr. SUE-
BECK, Mr. WILLIAM FANNING, to Miss NANCY SIM-
MOWS, both of this city.

At Flushing, (L. I.) Mr. DAVID GREENWALD, to Miss
CHARLOTTE FIELD;---Mr. TALMAN WATERS, to
Miss SARAH OSTERMAN;---Mr. JOHN HOOGELAN, to
Miss CORNELIA ROWLAND;---Mr. DISBARY, to Miss
MARY ELIZABETH ANTONETT;---Mr. THOMAS ROE,
to Miss ELIZABETH LOWERRY;---Mr. PETER DEMILT,
to Miss RAYNA REID, of Newtown.

MORTALITY.

NATURE reclaims her gifts, indulgent giv'n,
Transports them far above all transient ill's;
Spaefuls restores them to the arms of Heav'n,
Whose lamp in Death's dark vale enlightens still.

DIED.

On Monday evening, of a lingering illness, Mr. BEN-
JAMIN ANDERSON, aged 25 years.

On Wednesday morning, very suddenly, Mr. WILLIAM
DE PEYSTER, long a respectable merchant of this city,
aged 68 years. He was so gentle in his nature, so honest
in his walk through life, and so benevolent, that all who
knew him loved and esteemed him, and deeply regret his
loss....

But why should we complain?....
His God, who lent him here below,
Has call'd him HOME again.

On Thursday, in the 77th year of his age, after a long
and painful illness, which he bore with the greatest fortitude
and resignation, DANIEL DUNSCOMB, Esq.

At New-Bronswick, a short time since, Gen. ANTHONY W. WHITE.

The city clerk reports that 34 persons (of whom one half
were children) died during the week ending on the 27th
ult. viz. of fits 4; inflammation 1; consumption 2; debility
1; small pox 1; hives 1; violent cold 1; intoxication 1;
mortification 1, and 21 of disorders not mentioned.

Terms of subscription to H. CARITAT'S public
Library.

Subscribers at 8 dollars per year; 4 dols. 75 cts. for six
months; a dols. 75 cts. for three months, and a dollar per
month---are entitled to Six Books in Town, or Eight in the
Country.

Subscribers at 6 dollars per year; 3 dols. 50 cts. for 6
months; a dols. for three months, and 75 cents per month;
are entitled to four books in town, or six in the country.

Subscribers at 4 dollars per year; a dols. 50 cts. for six
months; a dol. 25 cts. for three months, and 50 cents per
month---are entitled to Two Books at a time.

Non-Subscribers to deposit the value of the Books, and
pay per week for each 40, 25 cents---8vo 19 cents---1smo
12 cents---New octavos and books of the value of 4 dollars,
per week 50 cents. March 5.

THE subscriber, having discontinued the grocery busi-
ness, respectfully offers her services to her friends in doing
all kinds of needle work, also mantua-making or tailoring.
Having a small family which are dependent on her industry
for support, she will be thankful for any thing in the
above line:

JANE ABRAMS.

3 or 4 gentlemen or ladies can be accommodated with
board and lodging, by applying at No. 6 Wall Street.

March 5 3w



COURT OF APOLLO.

THE BEGGAR.

" AH ! curse me not---no crumb of bread.
Has past these lips since yester morn,
No shelter for this aching head
Have I, abandon'd and forlorn.
" Dark is the night, and cold the blast,
With misery am I doom'd to roam :
All befores on the wide world cast,
Without one friend ; without a home.
" Yet, tho' by every ill opprest ;
Tho' pining want assaile my life,
A home I had ; I once was blest ;
A mother lov'd ; a happy wife.
" Think not, dear sir, it is my aim
A cunning, studied lie to raise,
Like beggars bold who daily claim,
The mite which passing pity pays.
" My husband kept a little shop ;
And well his honesty was known ;
Of credit this the surest prop
His name would pass thro' all the town.
" No comforts to his wife deny'd
A tender husband could afford,
Each prudent with was, grath'd,
Peace smil'd, and Plenty deck the board.
" Why could not this good fortune last ?
Sure Heaven intended me for woe,
Did I, unthinking live too fast
For one so humbly plac'd ? Ah ! no !
" Indeed, dear sir, I'm not to blame,
The man who long had been my pride
Grew idle, gam'd and lost to shame
The victim of intemperance dy'd.
" Our few remaining goods were kept
For house-rent due a year or more,
We were turn'd out. Ah ! how I wept
As now I turn'd me from the door.
" Tho' now of husband, home bereft,
Yet I could make a living sure ;
This comfort to my heart was left,
I still might work however poor.
" Buoy'd up by hope, a little hot
I took at twenty pounds a year,
My daughter to a school I put ;
T'was not far off, nor was it dear.
" Her beauty ripen'd with her years,
A lovelier girl was never seen,
And now an anxious parent's fears
Inreas'd with blooming, fresh fifteen.
" Those fears, alas ! were too, too just,
From a fond mother's bosom torn,
She's now to vice and scorn reduc'd,
Would the bad dy'd, or ne'er been born !
" A villain to seduction train'd,
With speech so soft, and mein so mild,
By flattery and love well feign'd,
Ruin'd my unsuspecting child,
With me no longer would she rest,
I strove my spirits to sustain,
I labor'd on, and did my best
A slender livelihood to gain.
" Two months past with her paramour
I saw her in a gig quite nigh ;
Tho' finely dress'd, she charm'd no more,
Wan was her cheek, and sunk her eye.
" I hurried home ; the blow so rude,
I fainted and all thought me dead ;
A burning fever then seiz'd me
Which six weeks kept me to my bed.
" Confin'd by illness so severe
And long, my little money went,
Dollars and baubles both were dear !
And I was in arrears for rent.

" When of the fever I was quit
I fold some clothes to buy me meat,
Dejected, weak, for work unfit,
I beg'd my landlord but to wait.
" He would not. Yesterday he came ;
With cruel taunts he bade " me walk"---
Myself I wept, but more the shame
An only child---how wild I talk.---
" I had one boy and dear was he,
But by a roving passion led,
He left us all and went to sea,
He's gone so long he must be dead.
" With all a hapless mother's grief
Seven tedious years the lad I mourn
My darling cannot bring relief---
No never shall my George return !"
" Your George," the stranger faltering cry'd,
" My name is George"---" George what ?"
" George Rose"---
Around her, sinking at his side
His rugged arms he wildly throws.
Loud scream'd the wretch, " Oh God ! my boy !"
That woe-worm heart's sad beat is o'er,
So long unfeels the touch of joy,
It flutter'd heav'd ; and burst---no more.

ANECDOTE.

A Fellow who had been committed to Newgate prison, in Dublin, about twelve o'clock at night, on a charge of burglary, very politely apologized to the gaoler for breaking in upon his rest at so late an hour.

NEW CIRCULATING LIBRARY,

No. 79 Beekman Street.

M. NASH respectfully informs his friends and customers, that he has made considerable additions to his Library, and solicits a continuation of favors. Some of the most valuable works received in addition, and which only can be enumerated, are the following, viz. British Zoology, 4 vols. Ladies Magazine, 3 do. Langhorne's lives of Plutarch, & do.

TERMS OF THE LIBRARY.

Per Year 3 dollars and 50 cents ; 6 Months 2 dollars ; per Quarter 1 dollar and 25 cents ; per Month 62 1/2 cents.

Also a number of Stationary Articles for sale. Customers are requested to call only in the evening.

January 8, 1803 3m.

GEORGE YOULE,

PLUMBERS and PEWTERERS, No. 293 Water-street, between Peck and Newgate, respectfully informs his friends and the public, that he carries on the above business extensively ; and that any orders with which he may be favored will be executed with punctuality and dispatch on moderate terms. Sheet Lead may be had, equal to any imported. Wax for Candles, Candle Moulds, and a general assortment of Pewter Articles. An Apprentice wanted to the above business. Oct. 16, 1803.

GARDNER'S GENUINE BEAUTIFYING LOTION.

It is acknowledged by many of the most eminent of the faculty to be infinitely superior to any other Lotion that ever has been used, for smoothing and brightening the Skin, giving animation to beauty, and taking off the appearance of old age and decay. It is particularly recommended as an excellent corrective for removing and entirely eradicating the destructive effects of Rouge, Carmine &c. Those who through inadvertency make too free use of those artificial brighteners of the bloom, will experience the most happy effects from using GARDNER'S LOTION, as it will restore the skin to its pristine beauty, and even increase its lustre. It expeditiously and effectually clears the skin from every description of blotches, pimpls, ringworms, tatters and prickly heat. A continued series of the most satisfactory experience, has fully proved its super-excellent powers in removing freckles, tan, sun-burns, redness of the neck and arms, &c. and restoring the skin to its wonted purity. In short, it is the only cosmetic a lady can use in her toilette with ease and safety, or that a gentleman can have recourse to, when shaving has become a troublesome operation, by reason of eruptive humors on the face.

Prepared and sold only by William Gardner, perfumer, Newark, and by appointment at Dr. Clark's Medicinal Store, No. 159 Broadway, and at Mr. John Cauchois's Jewellery Store, No. 196 do. ---also at Mr. J. Hopkins's, No. 65 South Third Street, Philadelphia.

Price---pints 1 dollar 25 cents---half pints 75 cents.

Sold at J. Harrison's Book Store, No. 3 Peck-Slip.

BLANKS and BLANK BOOKS of all kinds.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,

When decorating yourselves with the advantages of dress, examine one of the greatest ornaments of the person, the is much exposed and admired.

A CLEAN FULL SET OF TEETH,

Which may be acquired by applying to J. GREEN WOOD, Approved Dentist, directly opposite the fourteenth of the park, No. 13, fourth house from the theatre who with sentiments of gratitude acknowledges the patronage has hitherto been honored with in the line of his profession during sixteen years successful practice in this city.

He makes and fixes Teeth in many different ways, some of which are done without drawing the old flamps, causing the least pain ; they help mastication, give a youthful air to the countenance, and are indispensable to render the pronunciation more agreeable and distinct. J. Green wood likewise prevents the Teeth from rotting, cleanse and restores them to their original whiteness. Those persons who wish to have information concerning their Teeth and Gums, will be informed with pleasure by J. Green wood, gratis, whose candor may be depended on.

N.B. His prices are very moderate, that every person who applies for assistance may be benefited. Jn. 15. am

THE subscriber returns his grateful thanks to his friends and the public in general, for the liberal encouragement he has experienced, and hopes for a continuance of their favor.

JAMES THORBURN, No. 24 Maiden Lane,

Who has just received, per the ship Flora, capt. Lee and ship Orlando, capt. Marschalk, from Amsterdam, an elegant assortment of Work, Toilet, Fruit, Wine Glasses, Tumblers, Bread and Market BASKETS.

Also, a constant supply of Cedar Tubs, Coolers, Pails and other wooden ware.

Feb. 26, 6w.

For the Use of the Fair Sex.

THE GENUINE FRENCH ALMOND PASTE,

Superior to any thing in the world, for cleaning, whining and softening the skin, remarkably good for chapped hands, to which it gives a most exquisite delicacy---this article is so well known it requires no further comment.

Imported and sold by F. DUBOIS, perfumer, No. 81

William-street, New-York.

Likewise to be had at his Perfumery Store, a complete assortment of every article in his line, such as, Pomatum, all sorts, common and scented Hair Powder, a variety of Bath Soaps and Wash Bills, Essences and Scented Water Rouge and Rouge Tablets, Pearl and Face Powder, Almond Powder, Cold Cream, Cream of Naples, Lotion, Milk of Balsam, Asiatic Balsam for the Hair, Grecian Oil, Green Tinctor for the Teeth, Artificial Flowers and Wreaths, Plumes and Feathers, Silk and Kid Gloves, Violet and Van Scented, Ladies Work Boxes, Wig and Frizets, Perfume Caskets, Razors and Razor Strops of the best kind, handkerchief Cases for Ladies and Gentlemen complete, Tortoise and Ivory Combs, Swansdown and Silk Puffs, Pin-cushions and Curling Irons, &c. Nov. 6. 32 3m.

DOCTOR CHURCH'S GENUINE VEGETABLE LOTION,

is an effectual cure for

ERUPTIONS ON THE FACE AND SKIN,
Particularly Pimples, Blotches, Tetter, Ringworms, Freckles, Sun-burns, Shingles, Redness of the Neck or Arms, and Prickly Heat, Scorbutic and Tuberous Eruptions of every description.

This Vegetable Lotion is invented by Dr. Church, and administered by him for several years in Europe and America with the most unparalleled success. By the frequent application of this fluid night and morning, or occasionally twice a day, it will remove the most sanguous and ulcerous scurvy in the face. It is perfectly safe, yet powerful, and possesses all the good qualities of the most celebrated Cosmetics, without any of their doubtful and sometimes dangerous effects. The proprietor, therefore, recommends it with confidence as a necessary and almost indispensable appendage to the toilet, in lieu of the common trash.

CREAM DRAWN FROM VIOLETS AND MILK FROM ROSES!!

A rough, uneven skin its shining appearance, and low and sickly paleness, are by this Lotion effectually removed. In the Shingles and Prickly Heat it is infinitely superior to any other.

I has been administered to many thousands with even a single complaint of its ineffectiveness.

A small bottle, at 75 cents, will be found sufficient to prove its value----Price, half pints, 75 cents---Pints, One Dollar 25 cents.

Nov. 27.

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BY JOHN HARRISON, No. 3 PECK-SLIP.